

CHAS. MARTIN, JR.,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
WILL practice in all the Courts of the Third  
Judicial District. Special attention given  
to the collection of debts. v6n80

B. W. WHEELER.  
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,  
NEW HOPE, MO.  
WILL attend to any professional business in  
the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and  
Montgomery counties.  
sep7718361

GEO. L. COLLIER,  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
GALLERY SOUTH OF BALLINGER'S  
DRUG STORE.  
Photograph Albums and Picture Frames  
For Sale at Lowest Prices.  
Call and look at my pictures.  
sep736

T. J. WEBB,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
WILL promptly attend to legal business.  
Special attention given to Collecting.  
Office with J. B. Allen, in the old P. O.  
building. v6n291

E. L. SYDNOR,  
DENTIST,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
ATTENDS to all kinds of DENTAL WORK,  
A and guarantee perfect satisfaction.  
238 Office—Front room over C. C. Randall's  
Boot and Shoe Store. feb29n8

J. C. GOODRICH. W. W. BIRKHEAD  
GOODRICH & BIRKHEAD,  
DENTISTS,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the  
time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here  
from time to time, due notice of which will be  
given. Gas for the PAINLESS extraction of  
teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.  
August 31, 1871—v6n261

M. N. McLELLAN, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Troy, Missouri.  
Office at M. S. Ballinger's Drug Store

R. C. MAGRUDER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
CAP-AN-GRIS, MISSOURI.  
Will practice in the Courts of the Third  
Judicial District. v6n5

A. V. McKEE. WM. FRAZIER.  
McKEE & FRAZIER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
TROY, MISSOURI  
Will practice in all the counties of the Third  
Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of the  
State. feb41y

WALTON & CREECH,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND REAL  
ESTATE AGENTS,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third  
Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the  
State. All business entrusted to their care will be  
promptly attended to.  
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office  
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.  
v6n62

F. T. WILLIAMS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
WARRENTON, MO.  
January 1, 1869—1nly

A. H. BUCKNER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ST. CHARLES, MO.  
Will attend to any professional business in the  
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and  
St. Charles, and in the District and  
Supreme Courts. v6nly1

HENRY QUIGLEY. EUGENE N. BONFILS.  
QUIGLEY & BONFILS,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents,  
TROY, MO.  
WILL practice in the various Courts of the  
Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren,  
Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been en-  
gaged for two years past in making an abstract  
of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they  
have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short  
notice a complete abstract of title of all the  
lands in said county.  
July 28, 1870.

SIXTY-FIVE FIRST PRIZE MED-  
ALS AWARDED.  
THE GREAT  
Baltimore Piano  
Manufactory.  
WM. KNABE & CO.,  
Manufacturers of  
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT  
PIANOS FORTES,  
Baltimore, Md.

These instruments have been before the Public  
for nearly Thirty Years, and upon their excel-  
lence alone attained an unparalleled pre-eminence,  
which pronounces them unequalled in  
TONE, TOUCH,  
WORKMANSHIP  
AND DURABILITY.  
All our Square Pianos have our New Im-  
proved OVERHUNG SCALE and Agraffe Treble.  
We would call special attention to our late  
Patented Improvements in GRAND PIANOS  
and SQUARE GRANDS, found in no other  
Piano, which bring the Piano nearer Perfection  
than has yet been attained.  
Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five  
Years.  
Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists prompt-  
ly furnished on application to  
WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
Or any of our regular established agencies.  
nov24n8

WM. T. BAKE  
ALLEN & BAKER,  
Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State Ins.  
Company and Real Estate Agents,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
J. B. ALLEN.  
We have a number of good farms for sale,  
among which are the following:  
100 Acres.  
Farm of Wm. Crouch, 1 mile from Troy. Well  
improved.  
80 Acres.  
Farm of T. B. Elliott, on the road between  
Wright City and Truxton. Improvements good.  
80 Acres.  
Farm of Elijah Owings, known as the San-  
defer place, 6 miles west of Troy, near Mexico  
road.  
40 Acres.  
Belonging to the estate of Jos. Deleel,  
near Chanilla.  
Office in the old P. O. Building of W. A.  
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# LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 7.

TROY, MO., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1872.

NO. 11.

## TROY CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE FOR Males and Females, TROY, MISSOURI,

THE SECOND TERM OF THE SIXTH AN-  
NUAL SESSION OF Troy Christian Insti-  
tute, will commence on  
MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 12, 1872,  
and close on Wednesday, June 26th.

TERMS FOR TWENTY WEEKS.  
Boarding.....\$75.00  
College Departments.....20.00  
Academic.....15.00  
Primary.....7.50  
Contingent Fee.....1.00  
German, French, Music, Drawing and Book-  
keeping, extra.

We have increased our Faculty by the addition  
of one or more teachers, and feel able,  
under present arrangements, to give Students all  
the advantage they will have elsewhere.

We have room in the Boarding department  
for a large number of boarders, and it is  
entrusted to our exclusive care, both in the  
school and in the family, we will be responsible  
for their moral culture while with us. By en-  
trusting children to us, parents may feel assured  
that they will be as carefully guarded as at their  
own homes.

We want Active, Earnest young Men  
and Ladies, who realize the importance of  
life, and appreciate good advantage.

One half of all bills are due when the  
Student enters; remainder at close of Term.  
We insist on the observance of this re-  
quirement.

Charges from beginning of Term, except  
on special contract. No deduction save for pro-  
tracted sickness. Address

J. R. GAFF, A. M.,  
President.

## GOOD NEWS TO HOUSEWIVES! TROY BAKERY.

THIS BAKERY WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH  
Light, Healthful Bread,  
Cheaper than you can make it, and save  
you the vacation of often seeing all your  
Yeast and Dough turn out badly.

The spring and summer season will soon be  
here, and in order to make it profitable to my  
customers by furnishing them bread cheaper than  
they have heretofore been able to get it, I will  
sell tickets, each of which will be good for a ten  
cent loaf of bread, at the rate of 13 for \$1, thus  
giving \$1.30 worth of bread for a dollar.

MY STOCK OF  
CONFECTIONERIES  
IS LARGE AND VARIED, AND I KEEP  
THE FINEST QUALITIES AS  
WELL AS STICK CANDIES.

Also, Figs, Raisins, &c., and all kinds of  
Cakes—Pound, Sponge, Lemon,  
Tea, Scotch and Ginger.

All kinds of Cakes and Pastries made to  
order. All orders should be given at  
least two days in advance.

## NEW OPENING!

I have just opened out a NEW  
AND COMPLETE STOCK of  
Goods in the brick building of Mess.  
Woolfolk & Crews, adjoining Mr.  
Withrow's saddle and harness store,  
and will keep on hand

## Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries,

COMPLETE STOCK OF  
Queensware, &c.

The Season being short I have determined  
TO REDUCE  
FORMER PRICES  
ON ALL GOODS.

As I realized considerable loss by the  
burning of my home, store and stock, I earnestly  
call upon all persons who owe me to settle. I  
need the money.

JOS. HART.  
Troy, Mo., Nov. 30, 1871.

J. B. ALLEN. WM. T. BAKE  
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Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State Ins.  
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## ONLY TWO DOLLARS. BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Only two dollars—that was all she had  
in her purse. She was a very pretty  
young lady, who lived in a very nice  
brown stone house, and had a father in  
good business in the city; but two dol-  
lars was all she had, not a penny more.

Papa gave her a regular monthly allow-  
ance, and expected her to dress out of  
that, and mamma had spared all she  
could from the housekeeping bills that  
month; and here she was invited to go  
upon a sleighing party, to ride with that  
charming fellow, Graham Ashbury, too,  
and though her dress was very handsome,  
she thought of twenty little things she  
should like to have, to set her off more  
showily.

She was sorry that she had wasted so  
much on French pastry and candied  
fruits and ice cream, and other such con-  
fectioners' dainties, and she could only  
buy a new pair of lemon colored gloves.  
These she would have. Her brown kids  
had been worn twice, and the mauve,  
though only once on, had a spot on the  
palm, into which that romp, Kitty Clover,  
had dropped a sugar-plum. So gloves  
she must have.

"It would only take two dollars to get me  
there, and I can't raise that."  
The girl who had clutched her dress  
was saying this. Lilly listened, recall-  
ing her wandering thoughts from black  
stitching with red, and mauve with two  
buttons, and lemon color with a tassel.

"You see, we weren't there over a month  
and mother died; and I've just buried  
her. It was consumption. Don't be  
afraid lady; I wouldn't have touched  
you if it was anything catching. And I  
slept in the station house last night, and  
they gave me no bed. I laid on the  
floor, lady. And I've a brother working  
up the river. It takes just two dollars  
to get me to him. I've begged and  
begged; but, you see, there's such a lot  
of beggars—such a lot—and I ain't none  
lady. This is the first I ever asked, God  
knows; and oh, do help me!"

The thin shawl fluttered—the thin  
dress twisted itself about the slender  
form. The face was gray and pinched  
with cold; the eyes, long and sad and  
beautiful by nature, were wild now with  
hunger and anxiety. Such a contrast  
was this girl to that other well-fed girl,  
with bright color, and dimples in her  
cheeks, and furs about her throat, and  
shielding her dainty hands from the cold  
—this other girl who shrunk back half  
frightened at the other's eagerness.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't anything,"  
she said, and hurried on, half running  
into the arms of a stout lady who was  
advancing to meet her.

"Dear me! how d'ye do?" said the  
stout lady. "That girl been pestering  
you? The police ought to attend to such  
people. 'Tis a great shame. All im-  
postors, every one of them!"

"Yes," said Lilly Grey, "I suppose  
they are. What are you going for?  
Gloves? So am I."

And the two bought their gloves and  
parted.

Lilly went home, with the dainty pack-  
age in her muff, and set about some little  
alterations in her dress that she fancied  
would make it more becoming. But as  
she stitched, sitting with her feet on a  
footstool near the register, certain very  
uncomfortable thoughts that had been  
pinching and nipping her ever since she  
met that poor girl, began to be more un-  
comfortable still. The pinched gray face,  
the eager eyes, the thin fluttering shawl  
with its dingy border of red and gray,  
haunted her like a vision.

"I wonder whether it was true?" she  
asked herself. "I wonder whether she  
really wanted two dollars to get to her  
brother? Was it my duty to give it if  
she did, and wear those mean old brown  
things? It couldn't be—I'm sure it  
couldn't."

But conscience would not be quitted  
by the reiteration.  
"She looked as if it was all true; she  
spoke so, that poor shivering thing! And  
the brown gloves were whole, and—  
Oh, goodness, what is one to do?" said  
Lilly to herself.

"There's nothing left for anything but  
clothes, the way people dress now-a-days  
in my mother's time, it must have been  
so different—no flounces, no trimming,  
half the number of yards in a dress."

"I declare I don't know what is to be  
done—what is right and what isn't."  
"Papa, aren't street beggars generally  
impostors?" she asked, hoping to gain  
some comfort at dinner time.

"Yes, my dear, I believe so," said the  
old gentleman. "Some of them worth  
their thousands."

But Lilly felt sure that that shivering  
girl was not "worth her thousands." She  
could not drive her out of her mind, even  
when, on the next morning, Graham  
Ashbury's handsome sleigh stopped at  
the door, and she pulled on her lemon  
colored gloves and tripped down stairs to  
greet him.

"I hope you are wrapped up well. It's  
very cold, Miss Lilly," said Ashbury.  
And at that there came a thought of  
the shawl that fluttered in the bitter wind  
the day before, and the girl who wanted  
only two dollars to get to her brother.

"You look serious, Miss Lilly," said  
Ashbury.

And as it would not do to "look seri-  
ous," Lilly chattered and laughed. But  
all the while she kept thinking. "Who  
sees my new gloves? They are hidden  
in my muff, and even that is under the  
robe. My brown ones would have been  
just as well—and two dollars might have  
taken that girl to her brother."

Oh! it was cold. The long icicles  
hung upon the trees as they fitted up

the road. The horses' feet crunched  
through the crusty snow with a sharp  
cracking noise. Ashbury's feature looked  
stiffened under his fur cap, and Lilly kept  
her little nose buried in her muff half  
the time.

"Nothing to what it was last night,"  
said Ashbury; and again Lilly thought  
of that girl.

It was not, on the whole a very pleas-  
ant flirtation between herself and Ash-  
bury, and on the way he told her some-  
thing that he should have told her before.  
He was engaged to be married. A lady  
who lived at the South was his fiancée.

"You'll like her so much," said Ash-  
bury.

Lilly was not so sure of that. She  
had liked Ashbury himself to well. It is  
old-fashioned and ridiculous now a days  
to be in love. Girls don't think of such  
folly. They have neither sentiment nor  
passion for any one. But Lilly meant  
to say Yes, if Ashbury asked her to  
marry him. So, you see, there was a  
little pique to get over. And when one  
had squeezed your hand, and all that sort  
of thing, you know, why, he has had the  
best of it.

Lilly was glad when the sleigh stopped  
at her friend's mansion; and the other  
slayers, who were all there before them,  
ran out to greet them. The lunch table  
was delightfully spread; the house was  
warm. Several of Lilly's special ad-  
mirers were there. She turned the cold  
shoulder upon Ashbury and flirted with  
one of these; and she really began to en-  
joy herself after awhile. She sat at the  
fireside well satisfied with dainties. Some  
one was playing delightfully, and she  
loved music; and Tom Scott was really  
making love to her, no doubt of that.

He told her that she grew prettier every  
day; he would hold her little gloves, just  
to touch something she had touched, etc.  
It was partly love and partly wine, but it  
was very pleasant indeed, for all that,  
and Lilly had quite forgotten the girl in  
the thin shawl, when suddenly the door  
burst open, and one of the sons of the  
house, a tall strikingly sixteen, stood in  
their midst, with horror depicted on his  
countenance.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, all of you!"  
he ejaculated; "but I couldn't do any-  
thing else. There may be life in her.  
I've told them to bring her here. They're  
coming. It's a woman frozen to death, I  
believe. Frank, the stableman, found  
her on our very grounds, mother. And  
Dr. Holden is here, and I thought—  
Here they are!"

And without further preface, two men  
tramped across the threshold with their  
burden.

Lilly had shrunk into a corner, pale  
and trembling, and clinging to Tom  
Scott's arm, but she could not help press-  
ing forward to look at what they laid  
upon the crimson sofa.

A girl with a white frozen face and  
frozen hair. The thin shawl did not  
flutter, it was stiff with ice; the wretched  
shoes were blocks of ice themselves; they  
had tramped through so much snow; the  
eyes, wide open, had no expression in  
them now, and the hands were frozen on  
the frozen breast. But this was the face  
that had been in Lilly's mind. These  
were the wretched rags that had fluttered  
in the breeze; these were the hands that  
had caught at her dress; those were the  
eyes that all her life she should never  
forget again.

"O my God, have mercy!" prayed  
Lilly to herself. "It seems as though I  
have killed her."

She was quite dead. No effort could  
restore her. And in her pocket they  
found a little note written on a scrap of  
paper, and pinned there to keep it safe.

These were the words written on it:  
"If any good Christian finds me on the  
road, I beg them to write to my brother  
Jim, and tell him I died trying to get to  
him."

"Perhaps I can do it. They say if I  
walk on up along the river, I'll come  
there after awhile. I've begged and  
begged, but they won't give me any  
money. They don't think a good girl  
would beg along the streets; but tell Jim  
I was good, and mother was dead, and if  
I hadn't been good I needn't have begged  
God kept me from worse. It's cold  
along the river, and my clothes are thin.  
And I'm hungry. I think I shan't be  
able to do it."

"God save my soul, and God bless  
Jim! It's Jim Hunter, at—, with Smith  
the carpenter. Tell him she was sister  
Annie."

And that was all. Somebody wrote to  
Jim. Somebody buried Annie.

For a good while Lilly felt like a  
murderess. But Tom Scott, when he  
gets her—as he will—will have a better  
wife for this hard lesson. The poor will  
have a friend in Lilly all her life, and no  
one will ever leave her door unaided.—  
New York Ledger.

Here is another Irish story: Bridget  
came up to her mistress, and asked for a  
needle and thread. "Do you want it fine  
or coarse?" asked the lady. "Sure an' I  
don't know, mum," said Bridget. "What  
do you want it for?" asked the mistress;  
"if you tell me that, I may know what  
to give you." "Well, mum, the cook  
has just told me to string the beans,  
an' sure an' I want a neydele and thrid  
for that."

A Scotchman observing that the once  
white linen of one of his employees had,  
through long absence of soap and water  
become a hazy black, inquired, as a pre-  
lude to homily on cleanliness, how often  
his shirt was washed. "Once a month,"  
was the reply. "Why, I require two  
shirts a week." "Twa shirts a week!"  
ejaculated Rebbs; "ye manna be a dirty  
devil!"

## Ulysses and the Eggs.

AFFECTING INCIDENT IN THE BOYHOOD  
OF OUR PRESIDENT.

[From the New York Sun.]

Editor Sun: Sir—I have recently had  
the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Jotham  
Shillet, a venerable clergyman of the  
Hard Shell Baptist persuasion, who, in  
the earlier days of his ministry, found  
his field of labor for a long time in Clef-  
mont county, Ohio, where our gifted  
President first saw the light of day.

Mr. Shillet was intimately acquainted  
with old Mr. Jesse Grant, and tells many  
interesting anecdotes of that gentleman  
and his now famous son. One of them  
I have thought worth sending to you,  
feeling assured it will afford great grati-  
fication to the admirers of the President,  
as it describes an incident somewhat sim-  
ilar to one which occurred in the boyish  
days of the great and good George Wash-  
ington.

When Ulysses was a small boy his  
father became the owner of a few Shang-  
hai fowls, which were a rare curiosity in  
those days. These fowls the old gentle-  
man took great pride in, and he could  
not be prevailed on to sell any of the  
breed, or any of their eggs, although he  
gave away a few eggs to one or two of  
his relations, on condition that none of  
the chickens should be permitted to fall  
into the hands of anybody outside of the  
family. Old Mr. Grant always set great  
store by his relations—an admirable trait  
which his son has inherited; if he had  
not done so, he would never have allowed  
any of his much-prized Shanghai hen's  
eggs to leave his possession. But so long  
as the breed was kept in the family he  
was contented.

One afternoon the old gentleman was  
seen to leave the village grocery, where  
he had been passing a few hours in dis-  
cussing the questions of the day with his  
neighbors, with a troubled aspect of  
countenance. He wagged his head savagely  
as he proceeded toward his home,  
and muttered indistinctly to himself as  
he hastened along with quick and nervous  
strides. He had evidently received in-  
telligence which had moved him strangely.  
On his way to his house he stopped and  
cut a formidable hickory gad, about four  
feet in length, which he carefully trim-  
med, after which he proceeded with ac-  
celerated speed.

When Mr. Grant arrived at his home,  
his first inquiry was for Ulysses. No  
one had lately seen him, but after some  
search the old gentleman found the future  
President of the United States standing  
on his head in the corner of a barn. This  
was a favorite recreation with Ulysses in  
his youthful days; he had picked up the  
accomplishment at the time that he made  
his celebrated visit to the circus, when he  
rode the pony. I am informed that he  
has often attempted the feat since reach-  
ing maturity, but generally with very  
indifferent success. He never had any  
difficulty in getting his head in the right  
position—the trouble was in elevating his  
heels.

Upon hearing his father's footsteps  
Ulysses quickly reversed his attitude and  
anxiously scrutinized the parental fea-  
tures. The old gentleman's face was  
flushed, he was breathing quickly, and  
the precocious boy at once realized that  
there was music in the air. But he  
wisely held his tongue, and with a cred-  
itable reverence for old age, waited for  
his father to break the silence which  
prevailed. The old gentleman advanced,  
carefully concealing the hickory gad be-  
hind his back, and assuming a forced  
smile, coaxingly addressed his son:

"Ulysses, my son, come here; I've got  
a present for you."

"Can't see it, Pop; too thin; that's  
played; I've been there," artlessly re-  
sponded the boy, and although his eyes  
twinkled on hearing the word "present,"  
he never moved. At the same time,  
however, his eyes glanced in all direc-  
tions, as if seeking an opportunity to bolt.  
But it was of no use; his father had  
him fairly cornered.

The old gentleman, who was always a  
man of great sagacity, at once saw that  
he was master of the situation, and that  
further concealment was useless. So  
bringing the gad into view he drew it  
caressingly through his fingers, as, with a  
grim, suspicious smile, which Ulysses  
only too well knew, he mildly addressed  
his offspring:

"Ulysses, my son, do you know how  
Deacon Potter came to have some of my  
Chinese chicken eggs?"

Ulysses hesitated but a moment, and  
then with quivering lips, the noble boy  
ejaculated:

"Father, it will not pay to tell a lie; I  
hooked the eggs and sold 'em to the Dea-  
con, but," he hurriedly added as fire  
gleamed from the old man's eyes, and  
the gad was raised on high, "but I billed  
'em!"

"Billed 'em?" said old Mr. Grant,  
greatly agitated.

"Yes, billed every dog gone one of 'em,  
and the old Deacon's hens can set on 'em  
till the cows come home, but they won't  
never hatch nary chicken."

"Come to your daddy," exclaimed his  
father with outstretched hands, "I'd  
rather you would hook and sell a thou-  
sand billed eggs than have that breed of  
Chinese chickens go out of the Grant  
family."

The blushing boy advanced to his pa-  
rent, who patted him on the head and  
regarded him with good parental pride.  
"And so you billed 'em," the father  
said. "Well, now I never! 'Who'd a  
supposed the boy would have thought of  
that? Ulysses, my son, I'm proud of  
you. You'll be President of the United  
States, yet, if you only keep on. And  
you earned the old Deacon just right."

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